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Trinity College

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The Trinity Tablet.

VOL. XXVIII.

DECEMBER 5, 1894.

No. 3.

Published every three weeks during the college year.

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EDITORIALS.

ONCE again Thanksgiving Day—the day of reunions, and family gatherings, the day of joy and light-heartedness to some, but, alas, the day of recollections to others. The eager student lays aside for the time being his books, the food of mind, and betakes himself to the more, shall we say, enjoyable, food, of the Thanksgiving turkey. Proverbial turkey, soaring on thy pinions to realms of poetic fancy, how many myriads of writers have extolled thy excellence, the delicacies of thy being, the satiety of thy presence. Thou didst indeed refresh the school boy frame, wearied of boarding school diet, and thou, too, didst entice from the seats of learning, many well fed brains and many ill fed bodies of staid and morose collegians. We hold very dear the old New England customs and traditions, handed down to us through so many families, for indeed be it far from us to depreciate these worthy heritages of our ancestors. And as we see the college buildings robbed of many inmates, the walk

quiet and deserted, we can but picture to ourselves the many homes, and firesides, sharing the good cheer of "Seed Time and Harvest," and murmur "It is well."

* * * * *

THE appearance of the new catalogue always marks an epoch in the history of the college, and this year there is no exception to the rule. Among the new features of the catalogue just issued are the announcement of the prize offered by the Rev. G. W. Douglas, '71, the extension of the elective work in Biology and Botany, and the offering of a course in Analytical Mechanics. There is also the usual statement of gifts received during the past year. These, with the legacy from the late Mr. Keney, will amount to about \$80,000, a sum which though none too large for the needs of the college, yet, for that very reason, is the more welcome. The number of men in college varies but little from last year, though the slight increase is a hopeful sign and is, we trust, an indication of greater gains in the future. With the above exceptions the catalogue presents no new features, which is a great disappointment, for we had hoped to find the announcement of the opening of the elective courses to the members of the Sophomore class, or at least an option so that Greek or Latin might be dropped. Why Trinity alone, of nearly all the New England colleges, should continue its requirement of so much work in the dead languages, during the second year in the arts course, equaling as it does, one half the entire amount prescribed, is something we fail to understand. The widening of the work in this course in the other colleges is bringing more and more men to them and, if Trinity does not wish to be entirely left behind, some change in a similar direction must be made. Trinity has, in the past, been a leader in innovations in college work. Why at this late day should it fall behind its rivals in this important particular?

* * * * *

TWO college years have come and gone without the slightest effort on the part of the students in the interest of the annual

oratorical contest, for so many years a land mark in the college calendar. In regard to this THE TABLET feels it to be its duty to speak, as unless the contest take place at the appointed time this year the names of the men who have won distinction in this field will be excluded from the catalogue, and another old institution will be done away with, in this instance one which is potent only for good in the college. This contest, a few years ago, ranked among the most important events of the year, and was of interest not only as putting forth the best oratorical powers of the college, but as a social event. Why should such an opportunity for self improvement be allowed to escape? Surely it is not because there is no material in college which is capable of development. If it be, as THE TABLET believes it, a lack of sufficient interest among the students to take the trouble to arrange such a contest, and raise the money necessary for the prizes, surely there is a deplorable lack of ambition in the student body, and the college is to be commiserated. THE TABLET hopes, however, that such action may be taken in this matter as may show that there is as much ability in college as in former days, and that this year may mark the beginning of an unbroken line of "Oratorical Prize Men," which shall be a credit to the college and a pride to the men themselves.

* * * * *

THE TABLET wishes to bring to the notice of the college the opportunity which so many are neglecting of being systematically examined at the gymnasium. There are very few men, comparatively speaking, whose development is symmetrical and there is no better time to correct any deficiency than the present, when there are such excellent facilities for physical culture at the disposal of the college. Another advantage which would be derived from a general measurement of the college would be that the distinction of being the strongest man in college would not be an empty title, but be an honor to be coveted. Harvard, in her trophy-room records the names of her most muscular student for the successive years, and THE TABLET hopes soon to see Trinity follow in her lead.

A PLEA.

COME hither, whisper in my ear
O Muse !
Breathe inspiration,
Lofty thought infuse,
Guide well my pen,
That I may write full well
The lesson Nature teaches,
And the spell
That hallows every thought of the sublime ;
And bids seek, of mortal verse, on high the paradigm.
W. T. O.

SEASIDE SKETCHES.

ON a hill that slopes gently down to the white sand beach of Niantic Bay was located until recently the "Indian Burying Ground." A two-acre field surrounded by a wall of old rough stones over which peeped the tops of tall weeds, was all that the passer-by noticed, and if the curious chanced to look over, there was nothing in particular to show him that it was different from an ordinary rough bit of marshy ground.

But we who knew better, used to climb the wall and penetrate into the mysteries of an unattractive spot. Following a faint foot path you found yourself walking in and out among little mounds, overgrown everywhere with long grass and tangled vines. Here and there a small slab, which had originally been white, rose from one of the graves, though many of the dead had nothing to mark their last resting place. The weather-beaten inscriptions could only be read with the greatest difficulty ; and when they had been made out, how disappointing they were—nothing, for the most part, but everyday English names !

Here was a stone somewhat larger than the rest, and apparently of

more importance. It registered the fact that here lay buried Indian John, the last of the famous tribe which gave its name to all the natives in the vicinity. But the brief record of his life did not say that Indian John met with a tragic death. Like so many of his people he was too fond of spirits, and one day, after he had filled up with fire-water, his muddled brain conceived the idea of digging clams. So out he started at once, only to perish on the flats in the bitter cold of a December afternoon.

It was this same bar at the mouth of the river over to the east of the village that the warriors had often crossed in their expeditions against their ancient enemies the Pequots. And just beyond the old Rope Ferry was the spot where two bands had met in deadly conflict about the time of Capt. Mason's raid, to the discomfiture of the Pequots. The tribe was prominent among the friendly Indians who followed Uncas during the whole of that war.

Though little is known of the history of the Niantics prior to the Pequot war, and but little more after that time, they were undoubtedly an influential and powerful tribe. On the hill opposite to that on which the burying ground stood there was a native village. Where now the flimsy cottages of a summer resort stand were doubtless grouped the wigwams two hundred and fifty years ago. Instead of the music that floats over the water on a quiet summer night, the mournful howlings of Indian dogs sounded far and wide, and where now the loud-screaming guests from the city swim and plunge, little naked Indian children splashed about.

Within a mile of the sea, on the little stream called by the natives Potaquansett, was another village. To this day the clam shells are thick there, and flints can be picked up without trouble. It must have been a very convenient location for the red men—forests full of game on both sides and the sea within easy reach.

The Niantic tribe, as a tribe, has long since disappeared, and now even the graves of its later representatives can no longer be seen.

For, thanks to the state legislature, the land assured forever to the Niantic Indians, was sold to a hotel proprietor, and the bones were carted off carelessly and shoveled into a common grave.

* * * * *

The Deacon was a relic of a past generation. With his massive head and broad brow, he made at eighty a fine picture of intelligent robust manhood. Some trouble with his feet made shoes uncomfortable for ordinary occasions, so at such times he was not a very impressive figure. But when he came up on Sundays or to talk business, wearing his best old fashioned clothes, and with his square chin settled comfortably in the flaps of his high collar, he was ready to meet you on equal terms with an air at once dignified and genial. He was a hatter by trade and in his earlier days had journeyed all the way to Richmond in an ox-team to dispose of a load of his hand-made goods.

The Deacon had finally agreed to sell his meadow lot, but had a strange petition to make. He was engaged at the time, in digging a blind drain across his land, and now he asked to be allowed to finish it with his own hands. This curious request was of course granted, and it was in the intervals of rest, when he laid down his spade for a few moments, took off his big straw hat, and mopped his bald head, that he told me an interesting anecdote of the war of 1812.

On a summer morning in 1813, when the farmers had already well begun their day's work, the village was startled by a cannon shot from the direction of the bay. Everyone heard, and everyone ran to the nearest point of observation. There, running in before the morning breeze from the south, came a small fishing boat with a large sloop in hot pursuit, while the sun shone brightly on the folds of the first hostile flag that any of the beholders had ever seen in Niantic Bay.

In a few minutes the militia company was gathering, and messengers were summoning all the farmers in the neighborhood. The

whole town was hurrying down toward the east, where pursuers and pursued had gone, the fishermen evidently hoping to enter the mouth of the river and escape into shallow water where the enemy could not follow. But by the time that the militiamen—a sturdy, browned company of men and boys armed with a motley assortment of blunderbusses, rifles and muskets—arrived at the bar, the unfortunate little Niantic craft was seen to have run aground near the old Rope Ferry, and the British ship was lowering a boat.

The American crew, obliged to abandon their property, fled along the beach and were met by their Niantic neighbors, who lay down behind the natural embankment of sand, and began, without semblance of organization, and of course without inflicting much damage, to blaze away with their ancient weapons.

The long boat had by this time drawn alongside the stranded fishing vessel, and proceeded to board, while from further up the beach came the desultory firing of the farmers behind the bank. Suddenly a mass of smoke darted from the side of the British sloop, and a round shot flew screaming over the heads of the startled villagers and fell in the river beyond, as the roar of the gun was echoed back from the hills on either side. Then came another shot, and still another. All the missiles, however, passed overhead or were buried harmlessly in the bank.

Now the crew of the long-boat could be seen re-embarking and pulling for their ship. From the vessel on the shore little wisps of smoke were already beginning to curl, and a crackling sound proclaimed the interior well ablaze. In a moment it was enveloped in flame and smoke, and the English captain, with a parting shot, weighed anchor and tacked for the Sound.

By the time that the ship of the invader was only a white speck on the horizon, the excitement had almost subsided and the village was settling down to its normal state of sleepy quiet. The farmers had put back their guns into the corner where they were perhaps des-

tined to rust for another half century, and were out again working in the fields. But that day was remembered and told of with pleasant exaggeration for many a year. Something very out of the ordinary had broken the sluggish current of village life. War had stretched his long arm even into the peaceful little harbor, and had touched with his fiery hand the property of their neighbors.

* * * * *

In the halcyon days before "the late unpleasantness," when the American merchant marine yielded to none, and American vessels swarmed on every sea, Niantic was a strong fishing town. Now and then a whaler sailed out of the harbor, and a few cod-fishermen went to the Banks every year, but the bulk of the schooners that started out every summer were halibut boats. Halibut fishing paid well at that time, and a successful captain could take his ship to New York after a short stay north and make a small fortune.

Of these old time halibut fishermen, "Cap'n David" is a type. He is short of stature and well built, with bow legs and a muscular body which age has not much bent, though he is eighty-five. Keen gray eyes and the aquiline nose, so common in the neighborhood, proclaim him a Yankee of the Yankees, even when he does not speak. The skin of his face and neck is tanned with the exposure of many a voyage and wrinkled everywhere into deep folds. His gait still shows the sailor's roll, although he has not sailed a fishing schooner since he lost the "North America."

The "North America" was a two-master of the common kind, strongly built to resist the heavy gales that blew so often off the Newfoundland coast.

The Confederate cruisers greatly dreaded about that time by merchantmen in general, were not much feared by fishermen. Their cargoes could not be kept, and were of little value to the captors. So the "North America," like hundreds of others, sailed for the north that year with every expectation of success.

About six o'clock on the morning of an August day the captain was standing on his deck and looking out anxiously over the water. The fog was very thick, and he was afraid that the men whom he had sent out to collect the gear would not return in time to take advantage of a favorable tide. For the voyage had been successful and they were about to leave for home.

Of a sudden the bows of a large vessel loomed up out of the fog directly astern, and a voice came from the bridge saying that a boat would be sent alongside. Imagine the dismay of the peaceful fishermen when half a dozen men armed with axes stepped aboard and their officer remarked with a glance at his watch, that he would allow them five minutes to scuttle the ship. When they had disappeared in the hold he turned to the captain and said with a quizzical smile, "You'd better come with me." But the sturdy skipper resolutely refused, saying that he had men out, and that he preferred to sink with his vessel. The mate however arrived just then with his trawls, open mouthed, and the party pushed off with the crew of the "North America."

As the captain climbed over the rail of his captor, he looked back and saw his good ship give one final lurch and then sink—all he had in the world irretrievably lost in a few moments of time!

The Yankee crew found themselves on the broad deck of a man-of-war—a very dirty one, according to the captain. Coal from the bunkers and waste cotton was lying about in confusion, and as for the crew—let me give the captain's own words. "They was the dirtiest lookin' set of men, take 'em together, I ever put my eyes on. Some on 'em looked as if they hadn't washed since they left Richmond." There were Portuguese, Irish, Swedes, and numbers of the dark skinned east shore Virginiamen. By the presence of these latter they perceived that they were on a Confederate ship, which they discovered later to be the "Tallahassee."

The seven fishermen were put in a little pen in a corner of the

deck, with three of the seamen, armed with cutlass and revolver, to guard them. None of the prisoners spoke a word, their actions being in strong contrast to those of some of the other crews captured by the cruiser, who, says the "Tallahassee's" log, fell on their knees and begged piteously, expecting apparently instant death.

At noon a large dish of coarse beans was served, while the fishermen were tantalized by the sight of steaming platters of their own halibut, carried by on the way to the officers' quarters.

After this meal they were taken down to the cabin and paroled. The rebel captain and his officers were very courteous throughout. During the conversation the strange coincidence came to light that the first officer, while in command of a Virginia sweet potato schooner, had been cast away off Sandy Hook and picked up by an uncle of the prisoner! The world is very small.

Nothing remained but to put the seven ashore. A favorable opportunity for doing this soon appeared in the shape of a brig, which the cruiser stopped by firing a shot across her bows. The captain of the new prize was willing to give bonds for her, and the prisoners were entrusted to his charge. As the boat left the cruiser's side an officer on the bridge called down to the captain of the brig, "Who is going to be your next president?" "I don't know," was the quick reply, "but we cal'late to have some one that'll knock you Southerners right straight into hell!"

Cap'n David told me all this as he sat on the back porch of his low white cottage, sheltered from the dust and glare of the village street, and looked with contented gaze at his little garden where he had just been digging potatoes." "Yes, them's just the words the cap'n used," and the old man shook all over with delight at the recollection. The loss of his vessel was entirely made up to him by his share of the "Alabama Claims" award, and he has no bitter thoughts now when he speaks of his seven hours' experience on the deck of a Confederate cruiser.

P. J. McC.

DOLORES.

BRAVO ! 'Tis a sight.
Tiers on tiers of faces :
Some of whiskered Dons—
Donnas, too, in laces
Black as are the eyes
Of the proud Signoras
Gazing on the fight
Going on before us.
Yet of all the eyes
(Come ! Bring on another.
Eh ! That *is* a bull—
Save him, Holy Mother !)
None so soft as those
(Red the ground with gore is—
Ha ! He's tossed the lad !)
Of my own Dolores.

L.

HAMLET.

"'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that within that passeth show ;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

AS one compares the characters in Shakespeare's plays with those of the novelists and other dramatists who have merited praise as delineators of character, he is at once struck by the difference in the creations. The majority of writers, endeavor as they may to refute

the charge, take a peculiar type of man for their hero, and hang all qualities upon one prominent feature. But Shakespeare, even while he exaggerates the whole personality, as the stage requires, nevertheless evolves men and women whose commonplace qualities are perfectly and harmoniously blended into one personality—not necessarily a commonplace one, for Shakespeare's heroes are never such, but one which it is possible to meet sometime in the living world. In Shakespeare's characters we find live men and women portrayed as they are, with all the cloaks with which conventional life is accustomed to clothe its subjects. And of all the people to whom Shakespeare's prolific mind has given birth, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is without doubt the most puzzling and complex. To his character more than to any other, it seems to me, the words I have quoted above, can be best applied, though perhaps they must be adapted to something somewhat different from their original application. Hamlet's whole outward appearance, his visible personality, is made up of delusions, which only the most careful study can penetrate.

To fully appreciate Hamlet's character we must consider both his training and his present position, especially the latter, for it is said that a man's character can be judged only by the way it is affected in a crisis. Hamlet, then, in youth, was sent to the university, as a high born young man was accustomed to be sent, and there imbibed, it would seem, an immense amount of philosophy, and theoretical knowledge, without any corresponding sound judgment, born of experience, to balance it. He returned from a happy and engrossing life at the university to a court where there was not a single soul kindred to his own. The result was unavoidable. Hamlet, as many people do, when forced by a lack of sympathy, fell back upon himself for constant communion. This was bad enough of itself, but the remaining characteristics of his position added melancholy to his loneliness. With his father dead, and an uncle whom he

despised occupying the throne and taking his father's place in the affections and by the side of his mother, can we wonder that melancholy threw her arms about Hamlet and claimed him for her own? In such a mind as this, groping in the twilight, the sudden light of the Ghost's revelation was injected.

I will not touch upon the question of Hamlet's madness, save only to say that it would be quite natural for such a revelation to overturn such a reason. But, as Polonius says, "Tho' this be madness, yet there is method in't," and when we consider the fact that the hero of the original legend, from which the play was taken, feigned madness, and also the ability of Hamlet as an actor, together with his general purpose, we must allow much evidence in favor of his sanity. His purpose or plan of revenge was not to murder the King stealthily, but to obtain clear proofs of his guilt, by making the King's own conscience betray him; but this must be done under cover and Hamlet used the cover of madness to aid him.

The mention of Hamlet's revenge brings us to another point in his character. Was Hamlet weak in will-power? I think that to this question we must answer yes. And yet there are many passages which would prove the contrary. For example, take the scene where Hamlet sees the King at prayer. Surely to restrain his mind at such an opportunity as this, from compassing his revenge, requires an act of will. And yet is not the reason he gives merely an excuse to himself for again putting off the act? Is not this but another example of that wavering intention which we wonder at finding in a man of such intelligence and activity of intellect? That Hamlet feels himself weak in this respect is very evident. He says:

"O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage warmed.

* * * * *

For Hecuba !

What 's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have ?

* * * * *

Why what an ass am I ! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell,
Must, like a trull, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion."

He was the tool of Fate, and when circumstances had arranged themselves for him, he struck, because Fate bade him. But however weak in this respect we think Hamlet was, we cannot conceive him otherwise than as a man of extraordinary ability. As it seems to me, the making of a man that would startle the world was spoiled in Hamlet, by the trust which the Ghost gave him to cherish, and to follow out.

There is something lovable in Hamlet, even while we see his faults. Perhaps it is because he sees them himself, or because of the pity excited by his situation, or because of his gentle manners—whatever it is, we are drawn to him and love him. Ophelia paid a fitting tribute to his mind and all that goes to make him fascinating, when she, grieving for his seeming madness, exclaimed :

"O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown.
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword ;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

A paper on Hamlet would not be complete without some slight mention of Ophelia, so closely are they connected. Her character is a sweet one, a beautiful one, for it not only prevailed over Hamlet's first affections, but also over those of his callous mother. But sweet

as Ophelia was, we cannot see any real depth in her character. Probably her love for Hamlet was her one real feeling, and this made her mad. And yet, she is so true, so beautiful, so pure and good, that one loves her even while he cannot defer to her ability, and it is only by taking into account Hamlet's great purpose in life that we can forgive his repulse of her.

Shakespeare has created in the characters of Hamlet, Ophelia and also Horatio, such types as one may meet in different walks of life, but he has also blended them so that, when the curtain has fallen, and the three appear hand-in-hand, we recognize a trio which are welded together in our hearts, by the master hand of genius.

C. J. D.

ETERNITY.

WORLDS on worlds around us,
Stars on stars above us,
Realms on realms behind us,
Float we thus through ages.

Tears on tears bedewed with,
Wounds on wounds bedecked with,
Deaths on deaths are met with :
Still our life is endless.

Memory hovers o'er us,
Many years 'tis with us,
And at last it leaves us
Calm in forgetfulness.

Then our souls—absorbant
Life sparks, from a pendant—
In a life resplendent,
Soar through countless aeons.

L. P.

ON THE WALK.

THE STROLLER sits quietly in his easy chair ; he is disinclined to go out ; there is nothing new or interesting outside. The peculiarities of the Freshmen have long ago ceased to be attractive. The babel and confusion on the walk drive him half frantic. The cold is penetrating, the day dreary. Nature appears unsympathetic, and he gives himself over to the comforts of a pipe, his open fire, and his easy chair, and cheerfully surrenders himself to the dreamy land of fancy.

STROLLER beware ! What fancies think you will form themselves in your brain, as the fire crackles, as the smoke from your pipe wreathes and eddies into myriad shapes and shadows, and your easy chair suggests comfort, and luxury, the essence of fancy ? What may your dreams not be, surrounded as you are by life energy, actions, a little world, the world of college, a world that makes the stage of life seem small and only the stepping-stone to great deeds and glory ? Again, STROLLER beware ! You are dreaming of greatness—of financial, diplomatic or literary greatness it may be—but wait, listen. Ah, there is a knock. You rouse yourself and scatter with your vigorous “ Come in ” your dreams and the clouds of smoke which envelope you and them. The postman ! You lazily turn over the letters—there is one addressed in a handwriting unfamiliar—you open it—you read : “ Will THE STROLLER submit to THE TABLET the following verse with his corrections : ”

“ TO YOUTH.”

“ Youth, race-track long to noble end—
Manhood, toward which our efforts bend
Until Death, dauntless, dark and wide
The runners and the track divide.”—M.

You re-read, you wonder if you are still dreaming, or if the fragrant fumes of your tobacco have in some way gotten into your brain. Is this your dream of youth as you lazily sit and knock the ashes from your pipe, and hear the captain of the Consolidated outside calling in stentorian tones the scattered members of his eleven ? Does this verse have the realistic snap and warmth of the fire before you ? Whither are we tending—where, O where are the verse writer's thoughts wool gathering ? Reclining under what spreading beech, or by what babbling stream did this poetic metaphor originate, you ask yourself in vain.

O STROLLER, sit and dream before your fire, it may throw some beam of light into the smoky atmosphere of your mind. Dream away now while your fire burns, and your pipe, just replenished gives forth sweet odors, for the day is at hand, too soon alas, when you must resume your accustomed place on the walk to chronicle the doings of the busy bustle which awaits you there.

PRIZES FOR PROSE AND VERSE.

THE TABLET offers two prizes one of five dollars, and the other of three dollars, for the best prose article and verse, respectively, handed in on or before the first Monday after the Christmas recess. The conditions governing the competition will be as follows :

1. No prose article shall exceed 1,600 words.
2. No verse shall exceed twenty-four lines.
3. No manuscript will be considered unless written on one side of paper only, punctuated and paragraphed, and margin left on the side of paper.
4. All articles handed in for these prizes must be designated "For prize competition," and the number of words in each must be estimated.
5. All articles handed in for these prizes shall be considered contributions to THE TABLET.
6. All articles must be signed with a *nom de plume*, and a sealed envelope containing the *nom de plume* and the author's name should accompany each contribution.

The prizes will be awarded in January, and the successful articles published in the first issue following the award. Honorable mention will be made of the second best article in both instances. No award will be made unless the work be excellent. The competition is open to any student in Trinity College, members of THE TABLET board being excepted.

COLLEGE AND CAMPUS.

THE first Trinity german was given in Alumni Hall on Thursday evening, November 22. The german was very successfully led by W. H. Gage, '96, with Miss Ingraham, and W. W. Parsons, '96, with Miss Russell, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Ingraham and Mrs. Ferguson acting as chaperones. Several new figures were introduced, and the favors were tasteful, the souvenirs being silver glove buttoners for the ladies, and note books for the gentlemen. Those present were: Strawbridge, '95, with Miss Whitmore; Littell, '95, with Miss Webb; Macauley, '95, with Miss Bulkeley; Vibbert, '94, with Miss Lanman; Burrage, '95, with Miss Robinson; McCook, '95, with Miss Bennett; Paine, '96, with Miss Marguerite Hart; Dyett, '96, with Miss Corwin; Ferguson, '96, with Miss Pier-son; A. Gage, '96, with Miss Thrall, of Detroit; Hicks, '96, with Miss Root; Sibley, '96, with Miss Eleanor Johnson; and Messrs. Hall, '88, Hamlin, '95, and Welsh, '95. The second german will take place on December 14th, and will be led by Barbour, '96, and Hicks, '96.

The new catalogue has been issued and shows a total of 123 men in college. It contains a notice of the new Douglas prize of \$50, and the announcement of about \$57,000 in gifts during the past year.

Prof. Martin was one of the collaborators of the recent supplementary volume of the Century Dictionary, having to write most of the articles on Oriental authors and works.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association on November 21, J. Strawbridge was elected vice-president, J. H. Smart, secretary, and F. M. Goddard, treasurer. C. S. Morris, '96, was elected manager of the base ball team, C. D. Broughton, Senior member of the executive committee, J. C. Underwood, Junior member, G. E. Cogswell, Sophomore member, and the balloting for Freshman director resulted in a tie between D. C. Graves and M. R. Cartwright. The balloting for Senior base ball director resulted in a tie between J. J. Penrose and E. deK. Leffingwell. G. S. McCook was elected Sophomore director, and the meeting then adjourned.

The Christmas vacation will be two weeks this year instead of three as last year and year before.

Dr. Robb is to make an examination of underground electric systems in several cities for the Hartford Electric Light Co.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner delivered a lecture before the college on December 3rd.

Owing to a misunderstanding the cast for "Chums" and "Germs," the plays to be given by the Dramatic Association, were incorrectly given in our last issue. The following are the correct casts :

GERMS.

Dr. Expectantius Crowley,
Mr. Promiscus Norwood,
Dr. Poindexter,
Miss Anastasia Lucretia Hope,
Miss Geraldine Mandsley,
Servant,

Mr. Barbour, '96.
Mr. Dyett, '96.

Mr. Willard, '95.
Mr. Burrage, '95.
Mr. Ellis, '98.

CHUMS.

Mr. Breed,
Harry Breed,
Tom Burnham,
Mrs. Breed,
Miss Flora Hepsibah Strong,

Mr. Danker, '97.
Mr. Barbour, '96.
Mr. Dyett, '96.
Mr. Burrage, '95.
Mr. Willard, '95.

THE OLD AND NEW.

THERE is an ancient adage
Which runs somewhat this way :
"Don't put off 'till the morrow
What should be done to-day."

But the bill collector reads it
In a slightly different way :
"Don't be put off 'till to-morrow
By the men you dun to-day."

W. T. O.

These plays have been in rehearsal for a number of weeks, and this careful practice together with the new scenery should make these dramatics the most successful in years.

An election to THE TABLET board will be held immediately after the Christmas examinations, and all who are trying for positions are urged to do as much work as possible before that time.

The Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs assisted at the concert of the Ancient Order of United Workmen in Foot Guard Hall.

The college, by the will of the late Mr. Keney of Hartford, receives \$25,000 and is also one of the residuary legatees.

By vote of the faculty the Thanksgiving recess was extended so as to include Wednesday afternoon and Friday, until two in the afternoon.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Athletic Association, on Wednesday November 28th, J. H. Smart, '95, was elected delegate to a meeting of the representatives of the various colleges, to arrange for the holding of an intercollegiate gymnasium contest during the winter.

Dr. Morgan has recently delivered his annual course of lectures to the Seniors on Anatomy and Physiology.

A PROGRESSIVE AGE.

TO heat the cars in olden times
They set a stove a-glowing,
But now a little nickel sets
The register a-going.

W. T. O.

A summary of the foot-ball games this year, as follows : Yale, 42, Trinity, 0. Amherst Aggies, 0, Trinity, 10. Wheel Club, 0, Trinity, 16. Tufts, 8, Trinity, 4. Worcester Tech., 0, Trinity, 4. Massachusetts Tech., 18, Trinity, 0. Laureates, 0, Trinity, 10. Total number of games won by Trinity 4, by opponents 3. Total number of points won by Trinity, 44, by opponents, 68.

A platform has been provided for the instructor of the gymnasium classes, and basket ball has been introduced, as a new feature of the required work of the underclassmen. The game is growing in favor among the men generally and there is talk of forming a team to represent the college.

ATHLETICS.

M. I. T., 18 ; TRINITY, 0

ON Saturday, Nov. 17th, Trinity played the roughest game of the season with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston. During most of the first half neither side made large gains, though Trinity had the ball in Tech's

territory the bulk of the time. Towards the end of the half however, M. I. T. began rushing the ball down the field, and succeeded in pushing it over the line just before time was called.

In the second half the vastly superior weight of the Boston team began to tell, and three touchdowns resulted at about equal intervals. The final score was 18-0, only one goal being kicked.

The day was rainy, and the muddiness of the field worked against the lighter team, notably in interfering with the kicking game which Trinity had expected to play. Much slugging was indulged in from start to finish. Trinity's center men put up on the whole a very creditable game against their heavy opponents. As the result of an injury received early in the afternoon, Buell was unable to do his usual work. The ends were frequently circled, though much of this was due to M. I. T.'s systematic holding for which no redress could be obtained. W. Langford, Coggeshall and Penrose tackled well, and Dingwall made some pretty runs. The best work for M. I. T. was done by Thomas, Altman and Ames. The teams lined up as follows: M. I. T., Ames, r. e.; Altman, r. t.; LeMoyné, r. g.; Manahan, c.; McCormick, l. g.; Whiting, l. t.; Rawson, l. e.; Thomas, q. b.; Rakwell, l. h.; Howland, r. h.; Underwood, f. b. Trinity, Strawbridge, (Capt.) r. e.; Penrose, r. t.; Merwin, r. g.; Lord, c.; A. Langford, l. g.; Buell, l. t.; McCook, l. e.; Coggeshall, q. b.; Dingwall, r. h.; Beecroft, l. h.; W. Langford, f. b. Referee, Mr. McGann; umpire, Mr. Waters.

LAUREATES, 0; TRINITY, 10.

Trinity's seventh and last game of the season was played in Troy, with the Laureates of that place, on Thanksgiving Day, before about one thousand spectators, quite a number of whom were alumni who had turned out in full force to see the blue and gold triumphant for the fourth time this year. The two teams lined up at 2:30, the Laureates winning the toss and choosing their goal, giving Trinity the ball. W. Langford kicked off, and the Laureates had the ball far down in their territory. Center plays were tried chiefly at first until about 15 yards had been gained, when Trinity got the ball on downs. Hard, sharp playing was being done by both teams. Trinity advanced the ball by end plays with fine interference until the ball was near the Laureates' 25 yard line, when it was lost on downs. The Laureates punted after three downs, and for ten minutes thereafter the battle was fought between the center and the Laureates'

25 yard line. Finally Trinity got the ball on a blocked kick on the Laureates' 15 yard line and Dingwall was sent around left end directly under the goal-posts for a touchdown. No goal. Score, 4-0. The Laureates kicked off and at this point occurred some of the best interference of the day. Dingwall caught the ball, and behind fine interference and by excellent dodging, after a run of about 50 yards, was downed near the center of the field. Time was called shortly after with the ball in Laureate's territory.

The second half opened with Laureates' kick-off. Trinity's ball on her 30 yard line. Laureate taking a strong brace received the ball on downs and at this juncture played her strongest game, by end play rushing the ball to Trinity's 10 yard line, where it was lost on a fumble and all chance of a score was lost, for Langford soon punted out of danger. Trinity soon secured the ball on downs and after a few short gains Dingwall was sent around left end for 40 yards, his second long run of the day. He was tackled hard and had to be carried from the field with a badly bruised knee, Travers being substituted. Shortly before this, Capt. Strawbridge sprained his ankle slightly but was able to resume playing in a few moments. By hard playing the ball was forced to Laureates' 15 yard line where Beecroft, with good interference, went through tackle for a touchdown. Penrose kicked goal; score, 10-0. Laureates again kick off, and after the ball had changed several times, time was called, Trinity having the ball on her opponent's 10 yard line. But little individual work was done, Trinity winning by good team work and the best interference she has shown this season. The ends and W. Langford tackled strong and hard, the latter also improved his kicking, no kick of his being blocked throughout the afternoon. The Laureates greatly outweighed Trinity but in defensive work were much weaker and had their team work been a trifle better they would have equalled Trinity in offensive work. The line up was as follows: Laureates, Cleary, l. e.; Goodrich, l. t.; Baxter, l. g.; Manning, c.; Smyth, r. g.; Harrington, (Capt.) r. t.; Magill, r. e.; Flach, q. b.; Rogerson, l. h.; McChesney, r. h.; Consalus, f. b. Trinity, McCook, l. e.; Buell, l. t.; A. Langford, l. g.; Lord, c.; Merwin, r. g.; Penrose, r. t.; Strawbridge, (Capt.) r. e.; Coggeshall, q. b.; Beecroft, l. h.; Dingwall, (Travers), r. h.; W. Langford, f. b. Referee, A. H. Ide, Williams, '95. Umpire, J. J. Farrell. Linesmen, J. Fleming, and M. S. McConihe, Trinity, '92. Halves of 25 and 20 minutes.

PERSONALS.

Any one having information concerning Alumni will confer a favor by communicating the same to the Editors.

The Rev. Dr. BENJAMIN WATSON, '38, made an address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Bishop of Pennsylvania, accompanying a gift to the Bishop from the Diocese.

A memorial to the Rev. ALEXANDER CAPRON, '45, has been placed in Grace Church, Middletown, N. Y.

The Rev. J. T. HUNTINGTON, '50, has been reëlected President of the Connecticut Children's Aid Society.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. W. W. NILES, '57, is to spend the winter in Paris, France, where he will be in charge of the American Episcopal Church.

At the recent Church Congress in Boston, the Rev. Dr. W. R. MACKAY, '67, spoke on "The Appeal to Fear in Religion," the Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER MACKAY-SMITH, '72, read a paper on "The Sunday Newspaper," and the Rev. Dr. LUCIUS WATERMAN, '71, read a paper on "Religious Orders."

The Rev. Dr. CORNELIUS B. SMITH presided at the adjourned annual meeting of The Christian Social Union in Boston, on the 13th of November.

The Rev. R. M. EDWARDS, '74, has been appointed Missionary at Riverhead, Long Island.

A volume on "English History in Shakespeare's Plays," by the Rev. B. E. WARNER, '76, will soon be published by the Messrs. Longman.

Professor CHARLES M. ANDREWS, '84, has an article in the last number of the *Yale Review* on "The Connecticut Intestacy Law."

J. W. SHANNON, '87, is practising Law in Philadelphia. His address is 903 Walnut St. He is also treasurer of the Orpheus Club, the leading male glee club in the city.

Married, in Detroit, Mich., November 21st, STRATHEAM HENDRIE, '87, and Miss KATHARINE MARIE MORAN.

The engagement is announced of R. S. SALTUS, '92, to Miss EVELYN MACC. NOYES, of St. Paul, Minn.

NECROLOGY.

The Rev. HENRY VIBBER GARDINER, a graduate in the class of 1843, died at Brockport, N. Y., November 7th, aged 77 years. CHARLES HENRY GARDINER, of the class of 1870, and GEORGE EDWARD GARDINER, of the class of 1880, were his sons.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Maximilian and Carlotta: A Story of Imperialism," by Mr. John M. Taylor of Hartford, is a very pretty little book recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The book gives the principal incidents of the reign of Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico, the important part which Napoleon III. played in inducing Maximilian to accept the throne, and his final abandonment of the Mexican Emperor. It also states very clearly the position taken by the United States, and is a book very attractively written and edited.

"An Introduction to the Study of English Fiction," by William Edward Simonds, D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, treats of the principal writers of English fiction from the ancient "Glee Men" to the novelists of the present day. The book contains a number of selections, not readily accessible to the majority of students outside the larger libraries, and is very valuable as a text book, and deserves the attention of students in this branch of English literature.

EXCHANGES.

"I DOTE on oaks," said the languishing maid,
"So noble, so stately, though few ;
Tell me, now, Mr. Jones, what's your favorite tree?"
And he tenderly answered, "Yew."

—*Ex.*

YE wise ones tell me if you can,
But do not if you can't
How girls are sometimes *boysterous*
And boys sometimes *gallant*.

—*The University Courier.*

A QUERY.

HE asked a miss what was a kiss,
Gramatically defined.

"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,
"And hence can't be declined."

—*Yale Record.*